

DOCTOR WHO

THE GERM WAR

...SO HOW
COME WE'RE
LEGGING IT
ALREADY? THE
TARDIS ONLY
LANDED HERE
TWO MINUTES
AGO!

KEEP UP, ROSE -
TWO MINUTES,
TWENTY-ONE
SECONDS,
I MAKE IT!

'GOS THAT
MAKES ALL THE
DIFFERENCE!

CERTAINLY
DOES! RECKON
WE'VE NOW
GOT FOURTEEN
SECONDS TO
CATCH OUR
BREATH...

WHEN, THAT'S
BETTER, INNIT?

THIS SPACE
STATION WE'RE IN,
IT'S SUPPOSED
TO BE CROWDED,
RIGHT?

LIKE COPACABANA
BEACH ON FREE
ICE-CREAM DAY.
IT'S THE BUSIEST
REST STOP THIS
SIDE OF JUPITER!

FOUR MORE
SECONDS...

COURSE, WE COULDN'T
DO ANYTHING NORMAL
FOR BREAKFAST...

WHAT HAPPENED
TO ALL THE
PEOPLE?

MY
GUESS
IS...

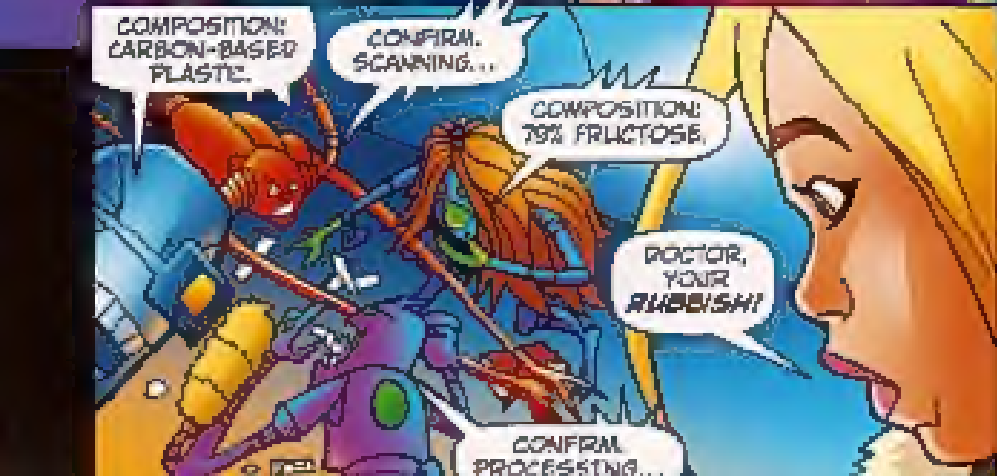
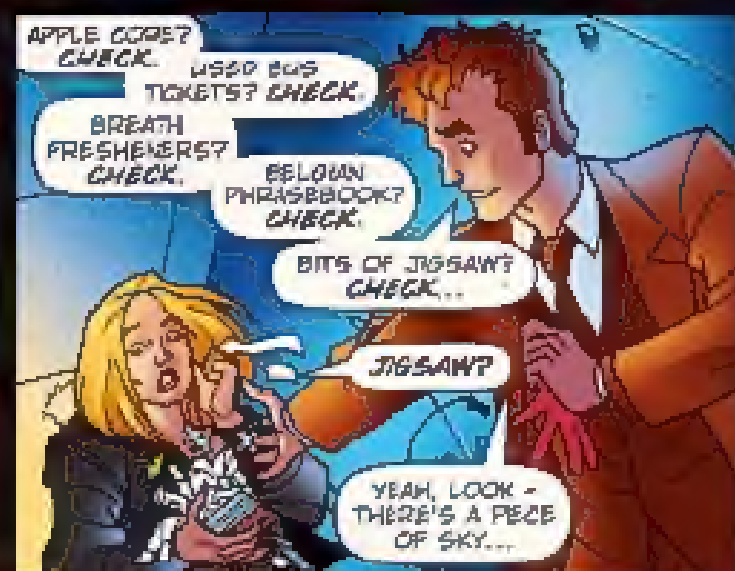
...THEY
DIE!

STERILISE AND
DISINFECT!

STERILISE AND
DISINFECT!

STERILISE AND
DISINFECT!

Script ALAN BARNES
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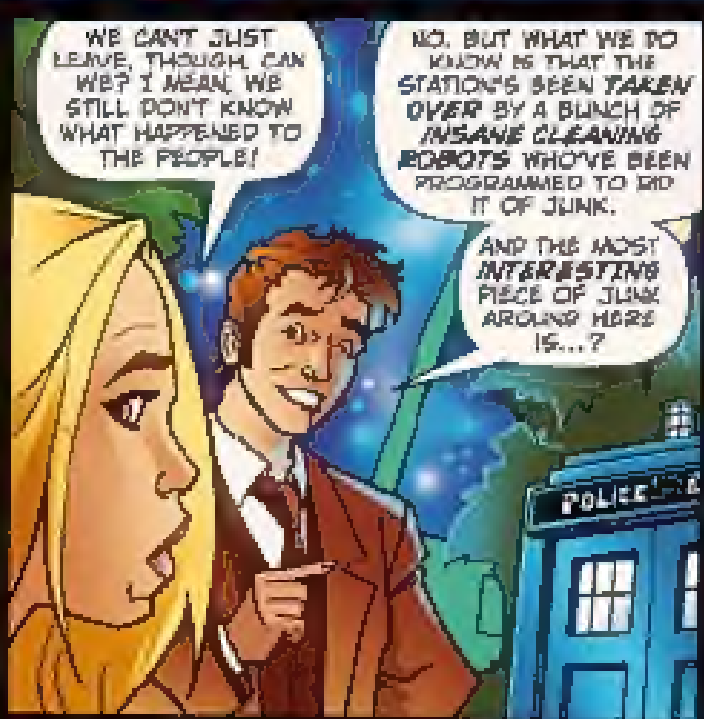
HEY - THE TARDIS! WE'RE BACK WHERE WE CAME FROM!

WE JUST RAN A COMPLETE CIRCUIT OF THE STATION. A FOUR-MINUTE MILE, NEAR AS!

WHAT DO YOU WANT - A MEDAL?



GOT ONE, THANKS.



WE CAN'T JUST LEAVE, THOUGH. CAN WE? I MEAN, WE STILL DON'T KNOW WHAT HAPPENED TO THE PEOPLE!

NO, BUT WHAT WE DO KNOW IS THAT THE STATION'S BEEN TAKEN OVER BY A BUNCH OF INSANE CLEANING ROBOTS WHO'VE BEEN PROGRAMMED TO DO IT OF JUNK.

AND THE MOST INTERESTING PIECE OF JUNK AROUND HERE IS...?



EZZZAKKK!

GOT YOU SO WE JUST HANG AROUND UNTIL...

BACK!



OH STOP THAT!

ANALYSIS CONFIRMS THE OBJECT IS INFESTED WITH MITES AND ALIEN BACTERIA.

FINALISE PROCESSING.



SHLOOOP!



OK...

NOW WE KNOW WHAT HAPPENED TO THE PEOPLE.



WE DON'T KILL PEOPLE. WE KILL ALL KNOWN GERMS. DEAD.

HANG ON
HANG ON
HANG ON

YOU'RE ROBOTS!
YOU CAN'T KILL PEOPLE!
IT'S IN YOUR PROGRAMMING!
IT'S THE LAW!

A SPACE PLAGUE ARRIVED HERE. THE STATION WAS QUARANTINED. AS CLEANING DROIDS, IT WAS OUR DUTY TO ELIMINATE ALL BACTERIAL INFECTION, BY ANY MEANS NECESSARY.

SO WHAT'S IT SAYING - THEY KILLED EVERYONE HERE, 'COZ THEY HAD A FEW BUGS?

THESE ROBOTS. THEY'RE MENTAL!

COULD BE THEY'VE BEEN CORRUPTED BY THE VIRUS THEMSELVES...

'UNDERSWEEPER COMMENCE SCAN'

SCAN CONFIRMS - NEGATIVE MICROBIAL INFESTATION!

A-MA! I THOUGHT SO. UNDERSWEEPER - STERILISE AND DISINFECT!

WELL OF COURSE WE'RE INFESTED!

WE'RE ALL OF US WALKING AROUND COVERED IN MICROBES. ALL OF THE TIME! THEY'RE NOT ALL HARMFUL...

Y-YEAH - WE'RE FRIENDLY BACTERIA!

DIRTY!
DIRTY!
DIRTY!

THE CRIME IS LIFE! THE SENTENCE IS DEATH!

SHLOOOOP!

WAAH!

DOCTOR!

IT'S ALRIGHT, ROSE. TAKE MY HAND!

TRUST ME. I THINK I KNOW WHAT HAPPENED TO THE PEOPLE.

IF YOU SAY SOOOOOOOOO...

SHLOOOOP!

EEEEEEEOOOOOOWWWWW

WHERE HAVE THEY GONE? TURN TO PAGE 32 NOW!

DOCTOR WHO
THE GERM WAR
continued from page 121

...OH,
OH, OH...

THIS IS
DIFFERENT.
A WHOLE
NEW WORLD.
FWAAAH, IT
STINKS!

STERILISE AND
DISINFECT!

DON'T YOU
START. IT'S
A DUMPING
PLANET, HALF
A UNIVERSE
AWAY.

I KNEW THE
TECHNOLOGY
WOULD HAVE BEEN
PATENTED BY NOW
- I JUST DIDN'T
THINK ANYONE WAS
ALLOWED TO USE
IT YET...

I GET IT - TELEPORT!
THE CLEANING DRONDS
- THEY TELEPORT THE
RUBBISH, RIGHT?

RIGHT. THERE'S NOWHERE LEFT
ON EARTH TO DUMP THEIR JUNK,
AND THE REST OF THE SOLAR
SYSTEM'S PROTECTED - SO WHAT
DOES YOUR SPECIES DO?

EAP THEIR TRASH INTO
ANOTHER GALAXY. VERY
ENVIRONMENTALLY FRIENDLY.
I DON'T THINK.

HEY!
HEY!

SO THE PEOPLE
WAITING AT US
FROM OVER THERE
MUST BE...

FROM THE
SERVICE
STATION, YUP.

EXCEPT THEY'RE
NOT HEARING AT US,
THEY'RE HEARING
US TO GET...

DOWN!

SO I GUESS
THE SPEAR-
CHUCKING
POSSIBLE MUST
BE...?

...NATIVES OF A
PLANET SQUASHING
BENEATH THE WEIGHT
OF A TRILLION TONNES
OF HUMAN GARBAGE?

YEAH, THAT'S
RIGHT. I DON'T
THINK THEY'RE
VERY HAPPY
ABOUT IT...

SEVERAL MINUTES (AND A FEW BILLION LIGHT YEARS) LATER...

THIS IS ONLY THE **BEGINNING**, DISINFECTODROIDS! FROM OUR BASE AMONG JUPITER'S MOONS, WE CAN STRIKE OUT INTO THE SOLAR SYSTEM -

- AND CLEAN UP PLANET EARTH!

STERILISE AND DISINFECT!

STERILISE AND DISINFECT!

FIGHT!

HEY - WE'RE NOT LEAVING, NOT JUST WHEN IT'S GETTING GOOD! WHAT ABOUT THIS FLY-TIPPING BUSINESS?

...WHERE THEY CAN RESET THEIR CO-ORDINATES, AND BEGIN SENDING THAT TRILLION TONNES OF RUBBISH TO - ER, WHAT'S THAT LABEL SAY?

'A QUALITY PRODUCT FROM BEAM CLEANING INDUSTRIES, NEW BRENTFORD, EARTH.'

NEW BRENTFORD, THEN. SEE IF THAT DOESN'T CHANGE THEIR CORPORATE POLICY SHARPISH...

...EH???

'ELLO AGAIN, BIG BOY. BROUGHT A FEW FRIENDS WITH ME FROM THE BACK OF BEYOND...

YOU'RE NOT EXACTLY FLAVOUR OF THE MONTH, MY FRIEND. DO YOU WANNA NEGOTIATE, OR SHALL WE JUST...

AH. WELL, I'VE SUGGESTED THAT ONCE THE STATION STAFF HAVE **REPROGRAMMED** THE SURVIVORS, THEY MIGHT WANT TO TELEPORT THE ROBOTS BACK TO THE DUMPING PLANET...

SO THAT'S IT, DOCTOR? ALL BAD GUYS BATTERED, ALL WRONGS RIGHTED, ACROSS THE WHOLE OF SPACE?

THAT'S IT, ROSE. JUST CALL ME THE ORIGINAL VACUUM CLEANER!

KEEP GALAXY TIDY

NEXT ISSUE: MORE DANGER AND ADVENTURES!